

The Tragedie of Hamlet

You must not put another scandall on him,
That he is open to incontinency,
That's not my meaning, but breath his faults so quently
That they may seeme the taints of liberty,
The dash and out-breake of a fiery mind,
A sauagenes in vnreclamed blood,
Of generall assault.

Rey. But my good Lord,

Pol. Wherefor should you doe this?

Rey. I my Lord, I would know that.

Pol. Marry sir, heer's my drift,

And I beleue it is a fetch of wit,
You laying these flight fullies on my sonne
As t were a thing a little soyled with working,
Marke you, your party in conuerse, him you would sound
Hauing euer scene in the prenominat crimes
The youth you breath of guilty, be assur'd
He closes with you in this cosequence,
Good sir, (or so,) or friend or Gentleman,
According to the phrased, or the addition
Of man and country.

Rey. Very good my Lord.

Pol. And then sir doos a this, a doos: what was I about to say?
By the masse I was about to say something,
Where did I leaue?

Rey. At closes in the consequence.

Pol. At closes in the consequence, I marry,
He closes thus, I know the Gentleman
I saw him yesterday, or th' other day,
Or then, or then, with such or such, and as you say,
There was a gaming there, or tooke in's rowse,
There falling out at Tennis, or perchance
I saw him enter such or such a house of sale,
Videlizet, a brothell, or so forth, see you now,
Your bait of falshood: take this carpe of truth,
And thus doe we of wisdom, and of reach,
With windleses: and with assaies of bias,
By indirects find directions out,
So by my former lecture and aduise

Prince of Denmark

Shall you my sonne; you haue

Rey. My Lord, I haue.

Pol. God buy yee, far yee v

Rey. Good my Lord.

Pol. Obserue his inclination

Rey. I shall my Lord,

Pol. And let him ply his m

Rey. Well my Lord.

Enter O

Pol. Farwell. How now O

Ophe. O my Lord, my Lor

Pol. With what i'th name

Ophe. My Lord, as I was fo
Lord Hamlet with his doublet
No hat vpon his head, his stock
Vngartred, and downe gyred
Pale as his shirt, his knees kno
And with a looke so pittious i
As if he had beene loosed out
To speake of horrors, he comes

Pol. Mad for thy loue?

Ophe. My Lord I do not kno
But truly I doe feare it.

Pol. What said he?

Ophe. He tooke me by the
Then goes he to the length of
And with his other hand thus
He falls to such perusall of my
As a would draw it; long staye
At last, a little shaking of min
And thrice his head thus wau
He raised a sigh so pittious an
As it did seeme to shatter all
And end his being; that don
And with his head ouer his sh
He seem'd to find his way wi
For out a doores he went wit
And to the last bended their l